

The LIFE and DEATH  
O F  
**SHEFFERY MORGAN,**  
SON OF  
**S'HON ap MORGAN.**

The First Part.



Printed by C. Brown, for S. Deacon, in Gilt-street.

# Sheffery ap Morgan.

## Chap. I. Sheffery's Birth and Breeding.

**T**He Person we intend to insist upon in this following Discourse, is one *Sheffery Morgan*, who was born near *Denby*, a place well known in *Wales*, his Father being a Man of no small account, kept two or three hogs, and brew'd week for week, the year round half a peck of Malt, but being a Man so well to pass in the World, resolv'd to bring up his Son *Sheffery* Scholar-like, and in order thereunto, put him to the greatest School in those parts, where he improved his time so well, that in six or seven Years, he was able to spell his name with a small matter of help. But not long after, his fond Father supposing him fit for the University, dispos'd of him accordingly, but *Sheffery* grew negligent, unknown to his Father, and minded more his Wagery than his Study, and his Fa-

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Father supposing hur to be capable to manage a Parson's place, took a Fatherly care for hur, and went to the Bishop, making suit for a Benifice, which was granted, provided that hur should Preach a Sermon of Approbation. Old *Shon ap Morgan* being joyful of this Answer, writ post to hur son *Sheffery*, wishing hur with all speed to come, for hur was like to become a Welsh Parson, and have a Benifice of 40 *l. per Annum*. These good tydings so tickl'd the ear of *Sheffery*, that hur omitted no opportunity, but took Horse and rid full speed to hur Father's House in *Wales*, who told hur all the matter in hand, but when hur heard hur was to Preach before hur could have hur Mony, hur knew not what to think on it.

The Day appointed drawing nigh when *Sheffery* was to Preach, being sensible of hur Inability, hur knew not what Course to take, or how hur should perform the Task imposed upon hur, sometime hur thought to flee from the presence of the Bishop and hur Father,

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and then contradicted that thought, with this resolution, That if hur could not do as well as hur should, that hur would do as well as hur could. So the Day being come, *Sheffery* lay somewhat long a Bed and seemed to have a small stomach to his new Concern; which hur Father seeing, gave hur a call, telling hur *Saints-bell* had rung in. O Father, said hur, I'm in a brown study; look, Father, upon the top of *Mr. Quibus's House*, and behold a Cow turd that lies there; and I have been studying how it might be, whether the top of the House came down to the Cow, or whether the Cow went up to the top of the House? fie? Son, this is idle discourse; come make haste, for it draws near ten a-Clock, the Bishop and the People begin to think you long. Well, Father, I have a but short Sermon to make; but it is such a tickler as has not been preached at your Church since you came to the Parish. Well, Son, I shall leave that to your Judgment. *Sheffery* no sooner enters the Church, but he stept into the Pulpit, and begins as followeth:

Good



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Good People all, hur knowv there's some thing expected from hur by way of discourse, and seeing we are all met together, take this following Matter as an undeniable Truth: There are some things that I know, and you know not; and there are some things that you know, and I know not; and there are some things that neither I nor you know: For thus, As I went over a stile I tore my Breeches. that I know, and you know not; but vvhat you'll give me towards the mending of 'em, that you know, and I know not; but vvhat the Knavv the Taylor will have for mending 'em, that neither you nor I know.

The Bishop hearing such a strange discourse deliver'd as a Sermon fell into such a laughter, that he laughed himself into such a looseness, he was forc'd to carry his Arse under his Arm ever after: And old Shon ap Morgan fell into such a passion, that hur solemnly professed hur would disinherit hur Son.

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**Chap. II.** *How Sheffery travell'd towards London, and how he fell in with two Welch Drovers, &c.*

**S**heffery travell'd the road, having but little money in his Purse, fell into serious Cogitation for time passing to mind the pleasant times he met with when he was at the University, and then thinking on the present Misery, those vain Treasures had brought him to; and while he remained in this disconsolate humour, two of his Country-men overtook him with a drove of Cattle; to whom he said, *Whither are you going?* They answered, *We are Drovers going to Smithfield, but we greatly want one to help us.* Then Sheffery asked them, *What they were to have for their Pains?* Who answered, *A shilling.* He concluding that he was going to the same City, thought something better than nothing, so he joyn'd with them, at last they came to *Smithfield* where the Owner gave them a whole shilling, then was their care to  
part

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part this one piece equally amongst those three: *Sheffery* being ingenious, said, *we'll go shange it for three Groats.* To which they consented, so going from street to street, at last they came to *Lumbard street*, where *Sheffery* spies a Tray full of Groats, and cry'd, *Here hur will do it if ever* The Gentleman of the Shop being at Dinner the Hatch was shut, and no Body in the Shop but an old Jackanape, chained upon the Counter, *Sheffery* leaning over the Hatch, said, *Good Sir, will you give me three Groats for a shilling?* and held the shilling forth, which the Jackanapes took, and put it down into the place where he used to see his Master put Mony, and minded *Sheffery* no more; but hur was very urgent with the Jackanapes for hur strange, and said, *Good Sir, what does hur intend to do? Will hur give hur three groats for a shilling, or no?* But the Jackanapes not minding, stirred hur Welch blood, fearing that the old Shentleman was minded to sheat them, which caus'd a great crowd about the Door, so that the Gen

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A Gentleman of the house heard them, and coming into the Shop, to see what was the matter, began to be rough with them, doubting they intended to rob his Shop; but that they cryed out, They were poor Welch men, that thought no hurt, but desired to have three groats for a shilling: The Gentleman finding them to be poor ignorant Fellows, asked them for their shilling, they replied, They had given it to our aged Father pointing to the Jackanapes, The Gentleman in great wrath cry'd out, *You Villains, do you think I am the Son of a Jackanapes?* And threatned to set them by the Heels, but discovering their simplicity, asked them what the Jackanapes did with it? quoth the, *He put it in the Hole.* So he supposed it might be, and gave them three groats, bidding them be gone, so away they went, *Sheffery's* Country-men to their Places provided for them, but *Sheffery* had his Fortune to seek.

Chap.

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Chap. III. *How Sheffery took a Journey towards the North, and how he got the Good-will of a Sow, &c.*

**S**heffery being forsaken of hur Country-men, and almost monyless, wandering to and fro, fasting hur Eyes, but starving hur Belly, resolved to travel further towards the *North*; hur had not gone above twenty miles but hur was surprized by the dismal night, till at last hur happened upon a small Cottage, and knocking at the Door, hur asked, How far it might be to the next Town? The old Man answer'd, he was far from any Town or House except his: then *sheffery* craved for Entertainment: but the old Man replied, *He had none*, but hur pressed hard, so the Man said, *I have no place for you, except you will lye vvith our Sow, vvith all hur Heart*, quoth *sheffery*. This being agreed on, they went to their Bed, and *sheffery* to the Hog-slye, which joyned to the House near the old Man and Woman's Bed's-head; *sheffery* having but

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a sorry Lodging, and a turbulent Bed-fellow, took no rest at all ; the old Woman walking about midnight fell in discourse, quoth the old Woman, *Husband, what if the young Man should fall in love with our Sow, and forthwith get her good will to be married ?* Why, quoth the old Man, *I should not be against her Preferment, if they like each other ?* Ah ! but *Husband, she hath been an old Servant, and if ever she goes, I hope you will bestow something with her.* Well, well, *Wife, I shan't be backward for ten or twenty pound I will bestow, if the Man be deserving.* *Sheffery*, minding their discourse, arose and went into the Carrot-field, and pull'd some up and brought them to the Sow giving her plentifully to eat, then tyed the rest about his middle, underneath his Coat ; and going into the house to return thank's for his Night's lodging. The Sow having tasted the sweetness of the Carrots, rav'd as tho' she would have torn down the stye, longing for more Carrots : The old Woman hearing the Sow rave, cry'd out to her

Hus-



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Husband, *what is the matter with our Sow?* Quoth Sheffery, *Har can tell best what is the matter; for har and I have made a match to be married, and she finding me gone without har, causeth har to rave in this sort.* The old Woman runs with speed to her Husband, and said, *Cutsboby, Husband, I told you our Sow was in love with the young Man.* Ah! but quoth he, *that must be further try'd; I'll see first whether he'll follow him sooner than another;* And letting her out she ran directly at him, as if she loved him above all others; the old Man seeing this, was much satisfied, and called Sheffery and laid him down twenty pound, wishing them much joy together: This being done, Sheffery took her leave of the old People, and went her way, by the time lot the Carrots the Sow followed him, which the old Woman seeing, she cried out, *Come hither Mistress Bride, pray stay and take my best bat with you;* which she did, and looked like Mother Shipton with her long Nose.

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*Chap. IV. How Sheffery was robbed, and  
how hur serv'd the Thief, &c.*

**S**heffery, wandring farther, came in-  
to an uncough-way, and there met  
with a High-way-man, well mounted  
and armed, who fastening his Eyes upon  
*Sheffery*, suppos'd there was Mony in the  
Cale, and welcomed hur with the usual  
VVord, *stand*; *Sheffery* finding it was  
in vain to dispute, loon yielded up his  
Purse, the only thing the Thief desired,  
and setting Spurs to his Horse, away he  
rid full speed, leaving *Sheffery* much  
lighter than he found him. *Sheffery*  
much troubled, went on with a light  
Purse, but a heavy Heart, and that Night  
wanting mony, lodged in a Barn: Not  
long after, *Sheffery* sitting on the brink  
of a drawing-well, near the High-way-  
side, distant from any House, and troubled  
at the Crofles that happen'd to him, fell  
into a Passion, and whilst he was in this  
Agony, he which robbed him happened  
to come by; *Sheffery* minding him,  
knew

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knew him, tho' he knew not hur; but asked him what was the cause of his sorrow; who answered, that he had let a bag of mony fall into the Well. At this the Thief seemed sorrowful, and said, *I will pull off my Cloaths, and you shall let me down into the Well, and when I have the Mony, I will call you to pull me out again.* Sheffery was well pleased at this, so off comes the Thief's Apparel, and into the Bucket he goes, while *Sheffery* was very ready to let him down, which done, hur seeing the road clear, and the Thief safe, now is the time thought *Sheffery* to deceive the Deceiver, so pulling off his old Jerkin, by reason he should not describe him by his Apparel, throws it down into the Well, then mounted his Horse and rid full speed, Night and Day, till he and the Well were ninety Miles asunder; and then adventur'd to open his Portmantle; where he found three hundred pound in mony, his own twenty pound being part thereof; where we will now leave him, and discourse  
some-

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something of the Thief which *sheffery* left to search for that Money in the Well which never was there: The Thief finding himself thus deceived, and so trappan'd that he could by no ways help himself, was forced to continue in the Bucket to save his sweet life; and at last, an old Woman coming from the next Town to draw Water, as she was winding up, seeing such a strange Beast in the Bucket shrewdly affrighted, for he stared like a dead Pig on a stall; the Woman being half dead with fear, in a little time recovered her senses, and made shift to get to the Town, where she declared how she was frighted at the Well; they asked her, What it might be? Who replied, *I cared not to stay to look on't; but without doubt it must be the Devil; and therefore let us all go forth with what Weapons we can get, and destroy him; who would deprive us of the privilege of the Well, and hath taken possession of the Bucket:* So the rest of the old Women and Men resolved to fight for their priviledge, and armed themselves

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elves with such Weapons as they could get, the Men with Pitchforks and Clubs and such like; the Women with Distaffs, and two e by their Maiden-heads he should never escape their Fury, so they drew themselves up into a Body, and made old *Stump*, the Tooth-drawer, their Captain, and the old Woman that brought the Tydings, his Second; along they marched till they came to the Well, then setting themselves in order to oppose him, when he should come out, none so valiant as old *Stump*, who went up to the Well, to beat him out of his harbour, where he found him sitting in the Bucket, as the old Woman had told; and drawing of him out of the Well, he was so amazed to see so many old Men and Women, insomuch that he strove to run for his Life; but they so pursued him and so hid on, that they soon ended his Days, and gave a great shout for Joy they had killed the Devil. Now let us return to *Sheffery Morgan*, where we left him taking an account of Meny he found in the Thief's Port-manteau,

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mantle, who beholding this great sum of money, resolved if he could to raise his Fortune, and get him a handsome young Woman to his Wife, to the end that he may reap the full enjoyment of his Youth; so he took up his Lodging at the sign of the Unicorn, where he had not long lain but he walked forth one Day to recreate himself in the Fields; where, by meer accident, he met of a young Gentleman, whose name was *Pantello*, who had formerly been Fellow-student with him at Cambridge, and wondering to meet *Sheffery* in those Parts, asked him where he lived? He told him he lodged at the White horse with the Barber's Pole in his Fore head, here in this Town. Quoth *Pantello*, I live about ten miles hence, and came hither about business, and I should be glad to drink one Cup of this Country Liquor with you. With all my Heart, quoth *Sheffery*, and we will go to my Lodging. So now they went until they came to the sign of the Unicorn, where they housed, and *Pantello* laughed heartily at the new fashioned Horse



Ho se: But as t'ey were Discourfing together, *Sheffery* unfolded the Secrets of his Heart to *Pantillo*, and told him he would be Married as foon as he could light of a Match to his Mind. Quoth *Pantillo*, there is a very handsome Gentlewoman, who hath lately buried her Husband, and liveth near me, if you mind your Hits, it's possible you may obtain her. Quoth *Sheffery*, how shall hur come to the Speech of her? Said he, take Horse and ride with me to our Town, and I will fend for her, to a Friend's House of mine, as if I wou'd speak with her my felf, and fo you may View her to the full. *Sheffery* agreed: Then faid *Pantillo*, when fhe is minded to depart, out of Courtefie, we will offer to wait upon her Home, and fo you may meet with an Opportunity to exprefs your Mind. *Sheffery* was pleased well with this, and went with Mr. *Pantillo* to his Friend's House, and fent for the Gentlewoman; and after a little Discourfe there, they waited on her Home,

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where

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where *Sheffery* moved the Master to her, and in short Time he gained her Favour, so that the Wedding-day was appointed, and Mr *Pantillo* was to give the Bride at Church, all which was done out of Hand; shortly after, *Sheffery* found a Book in a Closet, which he could not well understand, but asked his Wife what Book it was? She said, her first Husband was a Doctor of Physick, and that was a Book of Receipts.

*Chap V. How Sheffery had a Mind to turn Doctor, and what followed.*

**S***heffery* having met with some Books of Physick, resolved to try what he could do; so finding a Receipt in *England*, how to make a Glistre, was encouraged to go forward in his Practice, and live contentedly many Years, having but one Son, whom they called after the Name of *Sheffery's* Father, viz. *Old Shon ap Morgan*. During the Time of this Practice, there came

to him a Man who had put his Shoul-  
 der out of Joynt, he coming to *Sheffery*  
 for Advice, he told him, he must take  
 a Glister: The Man could not conceive  
 that proper for his Shoulder; yet at  
 last consented to it; and as they were  
 giving him a Glister, the Man struggled,  
 so that his Shoulder slip'd to the Place,  
 and became a perfect Cure: This being  
 noised abroad, made *Sheffery* Famous  
 for a Doctor, so that his Practice en-  
 creased, and he had wonderful Luck in  
 his undertakings. Shortly after a Gen-  
 tleman near by, had lost his Mare, and  
 hearing of *Sheffery's* Skill, went to him  
 to know if he could help him to his  
 Mare: He told him yes, but he must  
 give him a Glister. A Glister! quoth  
 the Man. Yes, quoth *Sheffery* a Glister.  
 Well, quoth he, if I must, I must, which  
 when he had taken, he paid the Doctor,  
 and was walking homeward, and find-  
 ing he had occasion to ease himself, as  
 he was stepping over a Stile, to a con-  
 venient Place, he espyed his Mare con-  
 cluding it was by reason of his Gli-

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ster: This more and more made Doctor *Sheffery's* Name Famous, so that he was app'auded beyond all the Doctors thereabouts. Not long after, an old Man fell down a pair of Stairs and was greatly hurt, but his careful Wife saved his Water, and went to *Sheffery* for Advice, who took the Urinal in his Hand and shook it, asking the Woman how her Husband was first taken? she answered, he fell backwards down a pair of Stairs: Why then, quoth *Sheffery*, the Grief lies in his Shoulders and his Head: She perceiving the Ignorance of the Doctor, resolved to try his Skill further, and then asked him how many Steps her Husband fell down? Then he asked her whereabouts she lived? She told him, at the lower end of the Town: He considering the Houses were low, said he might fall down eight or nine Stairs, Oh! Sir, quoth she, he fell down forty. Why, then, said he, you did not bring me all the Water No, quoth she. Why there's the Thing then, had you brought  
me

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me all the Water, I could have told you all the Steps. She concluded it might be so; and *Sheffery* by his Wits, worsted the poor old Woman.

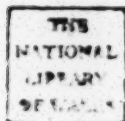
Chap. VI. *How Sheffery took a Journey about five or six Mile, and came Home and dy'd of a Surfeit.*

**S**heffery's Horse being Lamē, he was forced to Travel on Foot five or six Miles, to see a Patient, the Weather being Hot, he Surfeited himself; at his return Home he took his Bed, and there was little hopes of his Recovery; his Son *Shen ap Morgan* being about eighteen Years old, went to his Father, and said, Father, if you die, I hope you will leave me something to buy me a Scourge and a Town-top: Quoth *Sheffery*, why dost thou Trouble me? Thou hadst more need bring thy Book and Read by me. Yes, Father, so I will, said he: But looking for his Book, he could not find it, but went and told his Father, he knew not where his

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his Book was, but he had a pretty Ballad of *Rob n Hood*, I will Read it to you if you please: But *Sheffery* being at the point of Death, and almost at the last Gasp, minded him not, but with a very great Groan he yielded up the Ghost, and left his Son *Shon ap Morgan*, to Succeed him in his Practice, of whose wonderful Cures you shall hear hereafter.

F I N I S.





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